creed, if we could give it a turn in that direction.
Fortunately for me however the Civil Engineering College was only a stone Vthrow, from where we stayed and offered me every chance of getting books and things from there. There was a good library and a fairly equipped laboratory; so 1 thought that I might easily avail myself of this situation and turn it to good use. The very first thing that appeared most indispensable to the revolutionist, was the manufacture of explosives; if I should succeed, I thought, in doing that, I would easily be able to enter one of the secret societies, that we heard were growing in the country and work with them.
With this for my object 1 gave up the idea of going back to Bombay, where I could not possibly escape the jarring effects, that I had once suffered from. Very soon I succeeded in some of my experiments and with them as my asset, I approached a society and was readily taken in.
The rest of the story has already appeared in Brain Babu's "Dwipantarer Katha" now translated in English, entitled "The

tale of my exile** and Upen Babu's "Nirbashiter Atma Katha" in Bengali and is still appearing in the colums of "The Bijalee" under headings entitl-